

By Cameron & L. J. Ritchey. Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain, Unaw'd by influence, unbrib'd by gain. [EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.] NO 36.

**Office over the Drug Store,**  
(EXTRACTION FROM THE PUBLIC SQUARE.)  
TERMS:  
The Saturday Morning Visitor is published once a week, at Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance.  
Advertisements will be inserted at \$1 per square (of sixteen lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each consecutive insertion. For one square 3 months, \$5; do for six months, \$8; do for 12 months, \$12 00.  
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.  
A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.  
Candidates announced for \$3 00.

**POETICAL.**



**THE LAST MAN.**

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
The sun himself must die,  
Before this mortal shall assume  
Its immortality!  
I saw a vision in my sleep,  
That gave my spirit strength to weep  
Adown the gulf of time!  
I saw the last of human mould,  
That shall creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime!  
The sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
The earth with age was war;  
The skeletons of nations were  
Around that lonely man!  
Some had expired in fight—the brands  
Still fasten'd to their bony hands—  
In plague and famine some,  
Earth's cities had no sound or tread,  
And ships were drifting with the dead  
To shores where all was dumb!  
Yet prophet-like, that lone one stood,  
With dauntless words and high,  
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,  
As if a storm had passed by;  
Saying, "we are twins in death, proud sun,  
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
Thy mercy bids thee go.  
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,  
Hath seen the tide of human tears,  
That shall no longer flow.  
This spirit shall return to Him  
That gave us heavenly spark!  
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,  
When thou thyself art dark!  
No! it shall live again and shine  
To bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recalled to breath,  
Who captiv'd led captivity,  
Who rob'd the grave of victory,  
And took the sting from death!"  
Prepare for a Reverse.—No one knows  
how soon his lot may be reversed. In  
its increasing revolutions, the wheel  
of fortune may one day place him among  
the poor. How many at this very moment  
are languishing in all the horrors of the  
most abject destitution, who were once  
rich in this world's goods, and on whose  
lips dwell in perpetual sweetness the self-  
deceiving promise, "To-morrow shall be  
as this day, and much more abundant!"  
Remember the poor! In yonder gloomy  
prison lies one who made gold his idol.  
He forgot the needy in their distress,  
and the appeals of the wretched woke no echo  
in his heart. He was not his brother's  
keeper. He hoarded up his surplus  
in his coffers, and permitted the dying  
and the destitute to meet their doom—but  
as he meted out to them, even so it has  
been meted out to him. Left alone with  
the glooms of the past, how agonizing  
his remorse. Remember the poor, clothe  
the naked, feed the hungry, minister to  
the distressed, and their prayers and bless-  
ings will fall upon your head like rich  
incense, more desirable than gold or jew-  
els.—*W. C. C.*  
A father, exhorting his son to early ris-  
ing, told a story of a person who early  
one morning found a large purse full of  
money. "Well," replied the youth, "but  
the person who lost it rose earlier."

**THE MINISTER'S FEAST.**

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

The Rev. Mr. N. — was a man of excellent temper, but was eccentric. He was a powerful preacher, and his minis-  
tration was blessed to the reformation of many in his parish. At the age of thirty-four he became engaged to a rich parish-  
ioner. Well, the marriage was consummated, the bride's portion paid, and the husband, as husbands in their first love are apt to do, consented to the humors of his wife, & accompanied her to several festive parties given by his wealthy neighbors in honor of his marriage.  
The happy couple were sitting together in their comfortable parlor, one evening, towards spring. The Reverend gentleman studying the "Venerable Bede," and his wife equally intent upon the plate of the latest fashions; when she suddenly looked up with an expression between hope and fear, and thus addressed her husband:  
"My dear husband, I have a request to make."  
"Well, Nancy, anything consistent?"  
"You do not imagine that I would make an inconsistent request surely?"  
"No—not a request that you consider inconsistent. But come, what is it?"  
"Why, my dear sir, and her voice trembled a little, "we have been to several parties among the neighboring gentry, and now I think, to maintain our position in society, we should make a party too."  
The minister looked blank.  
"What sort of a party, Nancy?" he said at length.  
"Why," she replied, "such a party as those we have attended. We must make an elegant dinner, and have dancing after it."  
"Dancing! in a minister's house!" ejaculated Mr. N.  
"Why yes certainly," replied his wife, coaxingly. "You will not dance? the party will be mine; and then we have been to similar parties all the winter."  
"True, true," he muttered with a perplexed air and sat silent for some time as if considering. At length he spoke—  
"Yes, Nancy, you may have a party, give a dinner, and if your guests desire it, you may dance."  
"Thank you, love," she cried, putting her arms around his neck.  
"But I have some stipulations about it," said he; I must select and invite the guests, and you must allow me to place some of my favorite dishes on the table."  
"All as you please, love," she answered delightedly; but when shall it be?"  
"Next Wednesday, if you please."  
"But our furniture and window drapery are very old fashioned. Is it not time we had new?"  
"I should hardly think it necessary to refurbish our rooms, Nancy. Our furniture is excellent of its kind."  
"But our smooth carpets, and white draperies, and cane chairs have such a cold look. Do consent to have the rooms new fitted; we can move these things to the unfurnished chambers."  
"And of what use will they be in these rooms which we never occupy? Besides it is near spring, and to fit up now for winter is superfluous."  
"Well, I would not care," she persisted, only people will call us parsimonious and ungentle."  
"Oh, if that's all," he said, I will promise to spend a thousand dollars on the evening of the party, not in furniture, but in a manner, far more grateful to our guests, and profitable to ourselves, and which shall exonerate us from all imputation of parsimony, and you may expend in dress, eatables and desert what sum you please."  
And so the colloquy ended.  
He resumed his studies, and she gave her mind to the consideration of the dress which would be most becoming, and the vands that were most expensive. The next day she went busily about her preparation, wondering all the time how her husband would expend his thousand dollars, but as she had discovered something of the eccentricity of his character, she doubted not that he meant to give an agreeable surprise; and her curiosity grew so great, that she could hardly sleep during the interval.  
At length the momentous day arrived. The arrangements were all complete, and Mrs. N. retired to perform the all-important business of arranging herself in fine attire. She lingered long at the toilet, relying on the fashionable unpopularity of fashionable people; and, when the hour struck, left the chamber, like Judith of old, gloriously to allure the eyes of all who should look upon her, and full of smiles and graces, notwithstanding the uncomfortable pinching of her shoes and dress. Her husband met her in the hall. "Our guests have arrived," he said, and opened the door of the receiving room. Wonderful! wonderful! What a strange

**assembly!**

There were congregated the crippled, the maimed, the blind, the palsied, the extreme aged, and a group of children from the almshouse, who regarded the fine lady, some with open mouths, others with hands in their hair, while some peeped from behind furniture, the covert to which they had retreated from her dazzling dress. She was petrified with astonishment; then a dash of displeasure crossed her face, till having run her eyes over the grotesque assembly, she met the comically grave expressions of her husband's countenance, when she burst into a violent laughter.  
"Nancy! at length said her husband, sternly. She suppressed her mirth, stammered an excuse, and added:  
"You will forgive me, and believe yourselves quite welcome."  
"That is well done," whispered Mr. N.  
"My friends," he said, "as my wife is not acquainted with you, I will make a few presentations."  
Then leading her towards an emaciated creature, whose distorted limbs were unable to support his body, he said, "This gentleman, Nancy, is the Rev. N. — who in his youth travelled and endured much in the cause of our common Master. A violent rheumatism, induced by colds contracted among the new settlements of the West, where he was employed in preaching the gospel to the poor, has reduced him to his present condition. This lady, his wife, has piously sustained him, but she is old and feeble now, as you may see."  
Then turning to a group with silver locks and threadbare coats, he continued:  
"These men are soldiers of the revolution. They were sons of rich men. They went out in their young strength to defend their oppressed country. They endured hardships, toils and suffering, such as we can hardly deem it possible for men to endure and live. They returned home at the close of the war, maimed in their limbs and with broken constitutions, to find their patriotic motives destroyed by fire or the chances of war, or their property otherwise fled and wrested from them. And these worthy men live in poverty and neglect in the land, for the prosperity of which they sacrificed their all. These venerable ladies are the wives of these patriots, and widows of others who have gone to their reward. They could tell you tales that would thrill your heart and make it better. This is the celebrated and learned Dr. E. —, who saved hundreds of lives during the spotted epidemic. But his great success roused the animosity of his medical brethren, who succeeded in ruining his practice, and when limping came upon him, he was forgotten by those whom he had delivered from death. This lovely creature is his only child, and she is motherless. She leads him daily by the hand, and carries the food she sets before him. Yet her learning and accomplishments are wonderful, and she is the author of those exquisite poems which appear occasionally in the Magazines. These children were made orphans in infancy by the Asiatic cholera, and their sad hearts have seldom been cheered by a smile, or their palates regaled by delicious food. Now dry your eyes, and lend on to the drawing room."  
She obeyed, and notwithstanding her emotions, the thumping of coarse shoes, and rattling of sticks, crutches and wooden legs behind her, well nigh threw her into another indecorous laugh.  
To divert her attention, she glanced over the table. There stood the dishes for which her husband had expiated; in the shape of two monstrous, humely-looking meat pies, and two enormous platters of baked meats and vegetables like mountains among the delicate viands that she had prepared to do the table honors; but her husband, after a short thanksgiving to the bountiful God, addressed the company with—  
"Now my brethren, help yourselves and one another to whatever you deem preferable. I will wait on the children."  
A hearty jovial meal was made, the minister setting the example. The old soldiers became garrulous, and each recounted some wonderful or thrilling adventure of the revolutionary war; and the old ladies told tales of privation and suffering, and interwoven with them the histories of fathers, brothers or lovers who died for liberty.  
Mrs. N. was sobbing convulsively, when her husband came round, and, touching her on the shoulder, whispered:  
"My love, shall we have dancing?"  
That word, with its ludicrous associations, fairly threw her into hysterics, and she laughed and wept at once.  
When she became quiet, Mr. N. — thus addressed the company—  
"I fear my friends, you will think my wife a frivolous, inconsistent creature, and therefore I apologise for her. We were married only last fall, and have attended several gay parties which our rich neighbors gave in honor of our nuptials,

**and my wife thought it would be gentle to give a dinner in return. I consented on conditions—one of which was, that I should invite the guests. So, being a**

professed minister of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, I followed to the letter His command: "But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, &c."—you will recollect the passage. Mrs. N. — not knowing who her guests were to be, is highly delighted with the dress I have played, and I do not believe there has been so noble and honorable a company assembled this winter. My wife desired new furniture, lest we should be deemed parsimonious, and I pledged myself to expend one thousand dollars in a manner more pleasing to our guests, and which should obviate any such imputation." Then addressing the children he said—  
"You will each be removed to-morrow to excellent places; and if you continue to be industrious and perfectly honest in word and deed, you will become respectable members of society. To you, Dr. B. —, under God, I owe my life. I did not know your locality, neither had I heard of your misfortune until a few days since. I can never repay the debt I owe you; but if your daughter will accept the neat furnished house adjoining mine, I'll see that you never want again. To you, patriotic fathers and nursing mothers of our country, I present the one thousand dollars. It is just one hundred dollars to each soldier's widow. It is a mere trifle. No thanks, my dear friends. You, Mr. N. —, are my father in the Lord. Under your preaching I first became convinced of sin, and it was your voice that first brought me to the word of salvation. You will remain in my house; I have a room prepared for you, and a pious servant to attend you. It is time you were at peace, and your excellent lady relieved of her burden."  
The cripples fell prostrate on the carpet, and poured out such thanksgiving and prayer as found way to the heart of Mrs. N. —, who ultimately became a meek and pious woman, — a fit helpmate for a devoted gospel minister.  
**Volunteers.—**Compensation for horses lost in the Campaign.—The following extract from a letter written by the Hon. Willard P. Hall to Capt. Thomas H. Hinson, of this city, furnishes good news to many of the volunteers of this State and Illinois:  
"I send with this, instructions of the War Department concerning the proof required in claims for lost horses. The present Congress has extended the acts of 1837, and all subsequent acts concerning lost horses, to cases of similar losses, in the Mexican war.  
The instructions I send you, are therefore, applicable to losses incurred in the late war with Mexico.  
The law allows compensation in the following cases: For horses lost in battle, or from wounds received in battle, or from lack of forage, or from the dismounting of the volunteer for lost service, or by straying from camp when turned out to graze by order of the officers, or when captured by the enemy, or destroyed by the same, or for horses, &c., turned over to the service of the army by order of the commanding officer.  
Compensation is allowed, also for saddles, bridles, equipments, &c., lost under similar circumstances."—*St. Louis Union.*  
**Making a Deposit.**—Yesterday a lady entered a house on 7th between O'Fallon and Biddle streets holding in her arms an infant apparently about three or four days old; she requested permission to leave the child until she returned from a neighbor in the neighborhood to which she was going.  
The request was complied with; the child deposited and the supposed mother left, it is now believed, with no intention of returning.—*St. Louis Union.*  
**The Cholera in Russia.**—According to accounts received from Moscow, the cholera is making dreadful progress. The number of cases on the 25th of May alone were 89; the number of deaths being 42. During the six previous days, 464 persons were attacked, of whom 255 died! This dreadful visitation is likewise very prevalent at Rostinsk, Kalouza, and Joroslau. It is, therefore, evidently travelling westward.  
**The Rocks Ore.**—We noticed yesterday a lot 20,480 lbs. copper ore, shipping on board of a vessel, at Brown & Strong's dock, for Boston. It was from the Copper Falls Co., and some of the rocks weighed 2200 lbs.—*Detroit Free Press.*  
It is said that the nomination of Brig. Gen. Kearney as Major General by Brevel, was rejected by the Senate on Saturday.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

**By Telegraph for the St. Louis Union. Congressional.**

Washington, July 17.  
**Senate.**—Mr. Niles gave notice that he would on to-morrow introduce a bill on the subject of Whitney's railroad to the Pacific.  
The bill modifying the Pilot laws was considered.  
The Naval appropriation bill was taken up and amended, and finally passed over uniformly.  
**House.**—Mr. Cooke submitted a resolution, calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury, in giving his reply to the resolution adopted by the House, relative to the money that had been paid to Generals Cass and Taylor, to discriminate between the actual salary and the extra.  
The resolution giving to the State of Missouri the cannon captured by Col. Doniphan, from the Mexicans was passed.  
The Naval Committee was instructed to enquire into the propriety of reducing the navy to the peace establishment.  
Mr. Bart submitted a resolution calling on the President for information as to the number of Indians in Oregon, New Mexico and California, and also how many troops were required to keep them in subjection—which was agreed to.  
The civil appropriation bill was discussed in committee of the whole.  
After which the House adjourned.  
**FROM MEXICO.**  
New Orleans, July 17.  
Most of the troops have arrived.  
The Mexican Government appears confident of quelling the insurrection of Tamaulipas.  
They demand two millions of the indemnity guaranteed them by the treaty for their loss of territory on the Rio Grande.  
**WASHINGTON, July 19.**  
**Senate.**—The Vice President laid before the Senate a report from the Secretary of the Treasury, relative to the imports of coal and iron, which was ordered to be printed.  
The Conference Committee reported a bill repealing the act reducing the number of officers to the former standard, which was adopted.  
The Naval Appropriation bill was taken up. Mr. Bland addressed the Senate against the amendment to strike out the appropriation for the establishment of Marine Hospitals, which was finally rejected.  
On motion, the Senate went into Executive session, after which Mr. Clayton, from the select committee, reported a bill for establishing a territorial government in Oregon, California and New Mexico.  
The report is silent on the subject of slavery, and was adopted with great unanimity, in committee only two voting against it.  
**House.**—The report of the Conference Committee was adopted by yeas 94, nays 30.  
A paper was presented from the Commissioner of Patents, declaring the charges against him false; which was referred to the Committee on Patents for examination.  
The Civil Appropriation bill was considered in Committee of the Whole, and reported the bill with amendments.  
The House then proceeded to the consideration of the bill as amended, but adjourned without any action.  
**WASHINGTON, July 19.**  
**Senate.**—Remonstrances were presented against the stoppage of the Sunday mail, which were referred.  
A joint resolution to give to the State of Missouri the cannon captured by Col. Doniphan was passed.  
A resolution compensating Col. Fremont, was adopted.  
Mr. Clayton explained his remarks of yesterday. They were his own individual views, and not those of the special committee.  
The amendment striking out in the Naval Appropriation bill, the appropriation for the erection of Marine Hospitals, was rejected.  
Mr. Niles opposed a proposition to advance money to the contractors, for carrying the mail on the steamers.  
The Senate then went into Executive session, after which it adjourned.  
**House.**—The Speaker announced the reports of Committees to be in order.  
In Committee of the Whole the bill extending pensions to the widows of revolutionary soldiers, was passed.  
A joint resolution establishing a line of mail steamers to the Pacific was debated, and finally laid on the table.  
The celebrated ex-ministers Gurnot and Metetrich, are said to contemplate the publication of a newspaper to be called the *Spectator of London.*

**From the St. Louis Union. IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE FROM THE PLAINS.**

Two battles with Indians.—Our Arms victorious—many Indians killed.  
Fr. Leavenworth, July 14, '48.  
**Messrs. Editors.**—An express arrived at this place last night from Chihuahua. It was brought from Santa Fe by James Beckworth, an old mountain man, Charles McIntosh, a half-breed Cheyenne, and Henry Hamilton. They left Santa Fe on the 20th of June, and were seven days making the trip. There is no Santa Fe news of any interest.  
Soon after leaving Ben's Fort, they arrived at a village of the Cheyenne Indians containing about 1000 lodges. A large number of the Arapahoes, Kiowas, Apaches and other Indians, had joined the Cheyennes. They learned from these Indians, that the Pawnees had assembled in large numbers on the Smoky Hill Fork, about a day's travel from the Cheyenne village. Their object in assembling in these large bodies is unknown. It is supposed that the Pawnees had been driven from the Platte River by Col. Powell's troops.  
Kit Carson, with eight men and thirteen mules, was to have left Taos the day after Beckworth, and was intending to have joined him. Though Beckworth delayed some time, hoping that Carson would overtake him, nothing has been seen or heard of him. It is feared that he may have been cut off by the Pawnees.  
You will probably have learned the exciting news from Mann's Fort before this reaches you, and it will be needless for me to give you a description. Lieut. W. B. Royall, with a company of 54 recruits for the Santa Fe Battalion, a 60 man advance, escorted Maj. Bryant, U. S. Paymaster, who had in his charge funds for Gilpin's Battalion. He was attacked on sunrise on the 17th inst., near the Pawnee Fork, by an immense number of Indians, but most gallantly repelled the charge. The fight was short but severe. The Indians soon retreated, having stolen eighteen horses from Lieut. Royall's men, and six mules from Bryant's wagonmaster. Three of our men named Horry, Sigmund and Moody, were wounded, one of them dangerously. Between twenty and thirty Indians were left dead on the field. Lieut. Royall distinguished himself by his coolness and daring. His cap was pierced by a spear, but he escaped without injury. He is a nephew of Gen. Price. The number of the Indians is estimated at from 600 to 1000.  
[Another account says that Mr. Deitz, Paymaster's clerk, was "shot"—whether mortally or not, is not stated. The same account places the scene of the engagement at Cow Creek, which is some distance this side of Pawnee Fork.—*Ed. Union.*]  
There is a report of another fight, but the accounts are so conflicting that I will not venture to say much. It occurred at Cow Creek, very near the place where Col. Easton's Battalion was attacked last fall. Our forces amounted to about 800, including a detachment of 60 men from Gilpin's Battalion. The Indians, a extensive driven back, and fled across the river, Gilpin's men following them. These, this small detachment, under the command of a Lieutenant, was surrounded by the Indians, but they fought their way out with great gallantry. Two of our men were killed and four wounded, while 27 or 28 of the Indians were slain. I have not been able to learn how many of our horses were taken. The Indians showed great address, while our men were holding their positions, by one and they would cut the ropes under a steamer, between the horses off in a twinkling. It was a very spirited engagement.  
There is no other important news from Fort Mann. Col. Garfield had arrived, but I cannot learn that he had entered upon his duties.  
Beckworth and McIntosh left to-morrow for Santa Fe.  
There are ten or twelve Mackinaw boats now at Weston, containing large quantities of Buffalo robes. They left the Upper Missouri on the 17th of May, and have been nearly two months on their trip to this place. The steamer Wyandotte will take their furs to St. Louis.  
I regret to inform you that Lieut. Col. Cliff on Wharton, of the 1st Dragoons, died yesterday, after an illness of three or four weeks. He had been in command of this Post, but was promoted. He was a man of fine propensities, and stood high in the esteem of all who knew him. His loss will be much lamented. His leaves were sent to his children to mourn over his death.  
ROBERT C. BROWN